

THE  
A M O U R  
O F  
V E N U S:

OR, THE  
Disasters of Unlicens'd Love.

A  
P O E M.

---

IN FOUR PARTS.

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*Omnia vincit Amor. —*  
*Res est solliciti plena timoris Amor.*

VIRG.  
OVID.

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By Mr. MORRICE.

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L O N D O N:

Printed for J. JANEWAY, at the Golden Ball, near  
Water-Lane End in Fleet-Street. MDCCLXXXII.



THE  
AMOUR  
OF  
NEW

OR, THE  
Disasters of Unlicensed Love.

A  
POEM.

IN FOUR PARTS.

Res est felicitis plene timoris Amor. —  
Omnis vincit Amor. —  
Ovid. Virg.

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more illustrious Sister of the two.

THE

# PREFACE

more manifestly reveals his Excellence than

**P**OETRY is said to be the Sister-  
Art of PAINTING, and bears a near  
Likeness to it; but in nothing more  
nearly resembles it, than *Description*:  
*Description* is the very essential Beauty of Poetry,  
by which, if well-managed, it charms us more,  
than it seems capable of any other Way.

IN Description (whether natural or allego-  
rical) we ought to make our *Images* so perfect,  
that the Reader may not have an obscure or

( 4 )  
confused, but clear and distinct View of Things in his *Mind*; and by the Choice of the *Expression*, have his *Mind* as much surpriz'd as entertained; by which means, as well as several others, *Poetry* has considerable Advantage of *Painting*, and is, without Partiality, the far more illustrious Sister of the two.

THE curious and polite *Virgil*, no where more manifestly reveals his *Excellence* than *Here*; yet *Homer* exceeds even him in the Force of his *Images*, and the Vivacity and Magnificence of his *Expressions*: Both these next to Nature itself, or equal with it, are the noblest *Patterns* for our *Imitation*.

I HAVE endeavoured to embellish the following Work with this Sort of *Writing* as much as possible, yet I presume the *Descriptions* are so well interwoven with the Piece, that no *Patch* will appear, or *Seam* be discernible to the most searching View, or that they will be thought at all superfluous by *Those* of a warm and lively *Imagination*.

As



As Poetry is for the most Part a delicate Imitation or Copy of Nature, so those Pieces of it, in which the finest *Strokes* are found, with the truest *Resemblance* of its *Original*, are the most justly and lastingly admired.

CORRECTNESS, or exact *Writing*, is what very Few have ever obtained, who at the same Time have shewn any very remarkable real Excellence, I mean that *Beauty, Sublimity, Force, and Ease*, which Poetry, of all things, particularly requires; for it claims the very greatest *Genius, Judgment, Knowledge, and Care*, in Conjunction, to reconcile these well-together: The chief Cause of *Incorrectness*, or rather *Deficiency* of real and compleat Excellence, in the most considerable of our Poets, has been, I conceive, thro' a too partial and unmanly *Fondness* of their own Wit, and a too great and general *Indulgence* allowed them by their Admirers; or possibly thro' a too greedy *Desire* of Gain, or a too servile *Inclination* to please insignificant Judges; in a Word, for want of sufficient Care, and impartial *Examination* of themselves: Whether I have succeeded in a Point so nice, so difficult, and self-resisting as this, I dare

dare not say ; but must leave to the Determination of the most judicious.

BUT, indeed, whatever *some* may imagine, I cannot but conceive *Poetry* at present, and ever to have been as yet, under too many Disadvantages among us, to arrive at the most considerable *Compleatness*; to be even capable of gaining that noble *Simplicity*, so eminently remarkable in the most celebrated of the *Ancients*; that graceful, neat, and most admirable seeming *Negligence*; where the finest *Art* is concealed under the *Resemblance* of a familiar *Easiness*, and is, in *Reality*, the highest *Pitch* of human *Skill*.

As to the particular Design of this *Poem*, it is to display the Passion of Love, in its Nature, its Circumstances, and Consequences. Whence, I presume, the truest and best *Instruction* may be derived ; — for whatever the *Superstitious*, or *Morose* may think, Love in itself is neither pernicious, nor vain ; and its Misusage only can render it so.

Is it not the Foundation of Civility, Decency and the most perfect *Politeness*? the *Band* or *Cement* of the most social *Qualifications*? and the *Source* of the most generous *Actions* of human Life? ——— Is it not thus, if *Virtue* or *Discretion* is its Guide; When, on the contrary, (as here) may not *Inconvenience*, *Molestation*, and *Destruction* itself be the fatal *Productions* of it?

AND much like *Love's*, is the Disposition of *Poetry*; which, if destitute of *Energy* and proper *Beauty*, is *absurd*; and if apply'd to servile *Purposes* or *Adulation*, is *pernicious* or *vain*: But if well improv'd and us'd, it ravishes the *Mind*, and can pleasingly controul the harshest *Cares*: It is the fit *Companion* of the most *Illustrious*, and the choice *Amusement* of the most *Refin'd*; it gives *Encouragement* to the noblest *Emulation*, and best embellishes the most distinguish'd *Worth*. ——— In short, it is the sweetest *Grace* of civil *Society*, and the *Crown* of the most gallant *Purposes* of human *Nature*.

A SKETCH

E H T.



A SKETCH of this Piece was, perhaps, something unadvisedly, printed about eight Years pass'd; but as the true Intention of it (which, as I have mention'd before, is to shew the Passion of Love, with its most natural Incidents and Consequences) is more plainly reveal'd here; and as several *Alterations, Additions, and Embellishments* are now made to it; I hope the Work is by these Means render'd more agreeable, as well as compleat; and consequently liable to give more Satisfaction to the curious Reader, than it could be capable of before.



A SKETCH

THE



THE  
A M O U R  
OF  
V E N U S.

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PART I.

---

The ARGUMENT.

Venus being supposed to have made an Appointment to meet Adonis in the secret Part of a Grove near Mount Ida, is very impatient 'till she puts in Execution her Design.

Accordingly (having first called at the Grove of Fancy to improve her Charms) she repairs thither; and missing him, runs in a wild and frantick Manner in Quest of Him; but perceiving it in vain, returns to the Grove, and being wearied, applies herself to Sleep.

In the mean Time the Spies of Envy, appriz'd of Intrigue, reveal it to Slander, who transfers the News to Diana.

**L**ISTEN, ye Fair, to Love's prevailing Sway,  
Whom Men and Gods, too fatally obey;  
And of Celestials, oh! the fairest Thou,  
To whom all animated Beings bow,  
Who didst th' Idalian Prize obtaining, thence  
The Queen of Beauty as of Love commence;

B

Soft



Soft *Cythera*, thy Indulgence bring,  
 To grace my Verse whilst thy Amour I sing:  
 Sing then, O Muse, Love's Joy and anxious Pain,  
 Th' Intrigue of *Venus* and th' *Idalian* Swain;  
 Love finds for absolute Dominion Room,  
 In ripen'd Beauty, or in florid Bloom;  
 Does many strange Occurrences endure,  
 Thro' which 'tis rarely prosperous and secure.

NEAR lofty *Ida* which salutes the Skies,  
 A secret Place screened in a Valley lies;  
 And which by Nature seems excluded quite  
 From ev'ry Mortal's and Immortal's Sight:  
 No raging Heat this shady Place molests,  
 Except what rages in the Lovers Breasts;  
 With yielding Moss th' inclining Earth is spread,  
 And sprinkled Flow'rs compose a fragrant Bed;  
 Close by, a Chrystal Current murm'ring goes,  
 As if itself endur'd a Lover's Woes;  
 Turtles around their Loves revealing seem,  
 And mix their Cooings with the purling Stream.

'Twas now the Time when all Things are inclin'd  
 With am'rous Ardour, to renew their Kind;  
 Now ev'ry Field its blooming Charms renews,  
 And treats Beholders with delicious Views:

Fair



Fair Blossoms glitter, budding Gems appear,  
 And various Beauties crown the op'ning Year:  
 The Queen of Love dissolves in soft Desires,  
 And feels the Fervor that herself inspires;  
 Now, while of her *Adonis* unpossess'd,  
 She seem'd in her celestial Seat unblest'd;  
 Heav'n's Court she therefore left (oppress'd with Cares)  
 And to this more inviting Place repairs;  
 But e'er she goes, at Fancy's bounteous Grove  
 She calls, and there does ev'ry Charm improve.

WITHIN the Limits of a florid Isle,  
 (Where all Things seem eternally to smile,)  
 A Grove of Myrtles stands, sedately plac'd  
 With Bow'rs, with Grotto's, and Meanders grac'd;  
 Here warbling Birds melodiously sing,  
 Here Zephyrs sweetest Breaths maintain the Spring;  
 Here gentle Love does ever range and sport,  
 And here the Graces keep eternal Court;  
 Here Age and Care never presume to pry,  
 But far from this soft Habitation fly;  
 Banish'd are all Things rigid and austere,  
 And Discontent has no Dominion here;  
 But Youth, and Joy, and sweet Repose, and Ease,  
 Abide, with Care that only strives to please.

FROM

FROM this free Region, furnish'd to her Mind,  
*Venus* proceeds her Lover now to find :  
 And to the *Idalian* Bow'r directs her Flight;  
 There seeks the Youth who must her Care requite;  
 In vain alas! for to requite her Care,  
 As yet she finds not her *Adonis* there:  
 Th' appointed Time was pass'd: Its utmost Heat  
 The Sun now darts from its meridian Seat;  
 Yet still *Adonis* with an eager Pace,  
 Heedless of Inconvenience holds the Chase,  
 In his robustous Sports alone delights,  
 And here Embrace alike, and Danger flights;  
 But she, (in whom nothing o'er Love presides,  
 That in her Breast essentially abides :)  
 Thence swiftly springs, compell'd by her Desires,  
 Stops ev'ry Nymph, of ev'ry Swain enquires,  
 Some Tidings of the ling'ring Boy to know,  
 And where and how employ'd? and why so slow?  
 Her Voice, her Eyes, and eager Steps proclaim  
 The fierce Impatience of the *Cyprean* Dame.  
 In such a mazy, such a wild Career,  
 Bounds o'er the Desert-Lawns, the stricken Deer;  
 And with it carries wheresoe'er it goes,  
 The fatal Cause of its attending Woes.

To ev'ry Hill, that far extends the Sight;  
The raging Goddess takes her ranging Flight;  
In frantick Mode, her loose dishevell'd Hair  
Toss'd by the Winds, and ev'ry Beauty bare;  
Her Charms she thinks it needless now to prize,  
Those Charms that her *Adonis* can despise;  
And in whose Search, she resolutely arms  
Her Heart, against all accidental Harms:

As thro' some gracious Prince's inward Cares;  
A Nation Multitudes of Blessings shares;  
So where sad *Venus* thus molested flies,  
Comfort and Joy excessively arise;  
The Woods, the Hills, and Plains her Presence cheers,  
Each Place enliven'd with her Charms appears;  
Encircling Pleasures wait, where'er she goes,  
And ev'ry thing a ravish'd Aspect shows;  
Herself alone is with Concern possest,  
And rude Disorder ravages her Breast.

Th' impatient Goddess, wand'ring here and there,  
In fruitless Search awhile employs her Care:  
After some time, oppress'd with Toil and Heat,  
Repairs again to her commodious Seat;

Hoping

Hoping that Sleep wou'd ease her lab'ring Mind,  
 And that she might, by its Indulgence find,  
 Perchance some faint Idea of the Joy,  
 So vainly sought from the regardless Boy :

Now to refreshing Rest she's calmly laid,  
 In the Recess of the most secret Shade;  
 Pleas'd Earth, its fairest Gifts profusely strows,  
 And new-sprung Flow'rs their trembling Heads dis-  
 close ;

'Around her Limbs their blooming Sweets display,  
 Her Limbs, more sweet and beautiful than they ;  
 To ev'ry Part the Breezes softly steal,  
 First visit, then triumphantly reveal ;  
 And ev'ry luscious Grace unveil'd, they bring  
 Fresh Glories to the Day, and Odours to the Spring ;  
 The circling Trees, at the discover'd Sight,  
 All shake their leafy Limbs, and tremble with De-  
 light ;

The River stands in Transport and Amaze,  
 Checking the Current of his Flood to gaze  
 On ev'ry Part, does all enamour'd seem,  
 And grasps its Shadow in his joyful Stream :  
 Each gentle languishing complaining Dove,  
 Whose Bosom ever was the Seat of Love,

Now



Now rends its Breast with strong excursive Moan,  
 Bearing an Ardour e'er before unknown :  
 Her mighty Charms, all, but *Adonis*, fire,  
 Whole Nature sees with Wonder and Desire.  
 Had'st thou then view'd her, O tremend'ous *Jove* !  
 The strongest Motive and Excuse for Love !  
 Thou would'st have found ; — and thro' its chang-  
     ing Pow'r,  
 Have rush'd a Tempest, or have rose a Flow'r.

A Crowd of little Loves around her wait,  
 In silent, solemn, and obsequious State ;  
 Some guard her sleeping with the tenderest Care,  
 The rest to seek the lovely Youth prepare :  
 Thus *Venus*, from the wild and wand'ring Boy,  
 Or real, or imaginary Joy,  
 With ardent Mind endeavours to procure,  
 Whose Solace no Disturbance should endure :

BUT ah ! what Circumspection can delude  
 Close Envy ? or her jealous Spies exclude ?  
 Too prompt the slight Contrivances to find  
 Of Love, too simple, too securely blind !

A SUTILE Crew around the Fury lurk,  
 Herself resembling, eager for her Work ;

To

To her Injunctions most obedient still,  
 And ever ready at her Call and Will;  
 Each is a watchful and mischievous Spright,  
 That makes Vexation its supreme Delight;  
 For this with constant Diligence they pry,  
 And ev'ry where in Ambuscade they lie;  
 These flyly lurking, this Appointment know,  
 And tell it to the Gods and Mortals Foe:  
 SLANDER, the basest, most deprav'd of Things,  
 From Fiction, or Conjecture rashly springs;  
 From Place to Place, like prying Light, she goes,  
 And dire *Contagion* all around her throws:  
 First, shy and meek, soon resolute and proud,  
 Like Whirlwinds strong, like roaring Thunder loud;  
 A horrid *Monster*! from whose searching Eyes,  
 A darted store of subtle Poison flies;  
 Her Mouth, extended with reproachful Yell,  
 Is wide and gloomy as the Mouth of Hell;  
 Distraction rises from her sulph'rous Breath,  
 And inward Tortures terrible as Death;  
 Nor Day, nor Night, her Provocations cease,  
 A Foe implacable to Rest and Peace;  
 By-Places for a while the Fury screen,  
 Where secretly is broach'd her working Spleen;  
 To Concourse then tumult'ously she flies,  
 And for one vented Truth, creates a thousand Lyes.

SHE

SHE now, relinquishing her less Affairs,  
 To *Latamos* immediately repairs ;  
 There to *Diana* does the News transfer,  
 And with officious Readiness, to her  
 All that she hears of this Intrigue makes known,  
 And adds to All Conjectures of her own.



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THE  
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OF  
V E N U S.

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P A R T II.

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The A R G U M E N T.

*Diana now maliciously informed, and more assured of what she before suspected, enters into the Cave of Projection, and searches the Book of Fate, to know the Doom of Adonis; where perceiving that he is shortly to be killed by a wild Boar, she is pleased; but determining in the Interim to give Venus what Disturbance she can, goes to the House of Sleep, and procures thence a Fantom representing him in that deplorable Condition; which by Envy's self is convey'd to Venus.*

**D**I A N A now maliciously advis'd,  
And more assur'd of what she had surmis'd,  
Thus ruminates: — Shall loose Desires prevail?  
And, still oppos'd to Virtue, turn the Scale?

Of

( II )

Of Reputation, and of Health destroy  
The solid Glory, and substantial Joy ?  
And shall Celestials thus themselves debase,  
And meanly mix with Man's audacious Race ?  
Marr'd by thy Aims, O *Venus* ! which in Spight,  
Thou fram'st of human and Celestial Right.

THUS furious she ;—— and with designing Hate,  
Explores the Volumn of eternal Fate ;  
(For the Designs of Men and Gods are still  
Curb'd and controll'd by Fate's determin'd Will,  
Inevitable its Decrees, and here  
They all most truly register'd appear.)  
This *Book* the fatal Sisters fram'd, and gave  
To *Jove*, who plac'd it in *Projection's* Cave.

BEYOND where Gold its precious Grain bestows,  
Or where conceal'd the illustrious Diamond grows ;



Within the Bowels of the darksome Ground,  
 Far as the Bottom of the Sea profound;  
 There lies a lonesome Cave, *Projection* nam'd,  
 In artful Mazes, intricately fram'd;  
 In this Abode, remote from searching Day,  
 Delib'rate Silence holds unheeded Sway;  
 True masculine, of an unwearied Mind,  
 To close and solid Purposes confin'd;  
 In his Appearance despicably slight,  
 Significantly vast in real Might;  
 Shy and reserv'd, to watchful Slyness prone,  
 Observing all things, yet himself unknown.

THE Book of Fate's inviolable Seat,  
 Is the Recess of this obscure Retreat;  
 And none to read it may approach this Place,  
 But *Jove's* near Kin, by Fate's especial Grace;

The

The brazen Leaves all Mortals Dooms contain,  
 Which variously engraven here remain ;  
 Small Characters each happy Doom reveal,  
 Yet more than Half in mystick Terms conceal ;  
 'A sanguin Dye, and sullen Black declare  
 Th' improsp'rous ; Golden, all the prosp'rous are ;  
 So deeply writ, that neither Force nor Skill  
 Can quite erase them, both the Good and Ill ;  
 Slow Care, Reproof, and sage Advice are by,  
 And all, the bad t' abolish, vainly try.

HERE for the Hunter's Doom the Goddess prys,  
 And expeditiously her Hands and Eyes,  
 Yet with Attention moving, to peruse ;  
 The Stripling's Lot engraven, here she views  
 In sanguin Hue, — That, quickly on the Plain,  
 By a stern Boar *Adonis* should be slain :

At

At this, in Irony she said, ——— Careless  
 Thy Youth, fond *Venus*, thy Delight possess;  
 And since Fate long Permission will deny,  
 Some Help from Me that Failing shall supply.

THEN calling to her Aid infernal Spight,  
 To *Sleep's* grave Mansion she directs her Flight;  
 With Hell's most spleenful Minister combines,  
 And Envy's self for her Associate joins.

FROM Storms, from Thunder's Roar, from rude  
 Allarms,  
 And from the clatt'ring Din of martial Arms  
 Ever secure. — where Rumour never spreads  
 Her mottly Tales, nor Factions raise their Heads;  
 But where Forgetfulness with Silence dwells,  
 By solitary Groves, and lonely Cells,

The

The Dome of Sleep is plac'd in solemn State,  
 Near Death's dark Seat, and never-closing Gate;  
 The Dome itself a spacious Vault, each Room  
 In Black apparel'd, seems a dismal Tomb;  
 About its Eves, in Winter's Season, lies  
 The Cookoe, thither wrathful *Progne* flies;  
 With Rest and Peace, during that Season, fills  
 Her Breast, unmindful of preceeding Ills:  
 Far, far, within, upon a sable Bed,  
 The God extends his Limbs, and rests his Head:  
 Around him swarming play fantastick Dreams,  
 Like Motes that dance in the Sun's gaudy Beams;  
 The Door well-barr'd, admits no trifling Guest,  
 That might the fullen Deity molest;  
 Else all whom Woe, Disease, or Pain torment,  
 Would rushing enter to procure Content:

Yet

Yet at the Goddess's Approach, the Door,  
 Unfasten'd, founds like Thunder's distant Roar;  
*Morpheus* is startled, and his op'ning Eyes,  
 With sudden Speed, each golden Slumber flies;  
 She then in subtle soothing Words express'd  
 Her Aim, and thus the sacred Drone address'd:

I COME not hither to disturb thy Reign,  
 O gentle Sleep! or break thy easy Chain;  
 But for Revenge on the pernicious Foes  
 Of sacred Continnence, and bless'd Repose:  
 Such as, affronting us, consume their Time,  
 And all whose Deeds are one continu'd Crime  
 Lovers, I mean, whom, as they ever are  
 Thus bent, why shou'd we condescend to spare?  
 Do not th' Improsp'rous sigh the Night away?  
 And prosp'rous waste it in lascivious Play?

Both



Both, as they are rebellious still to me,  
 Are still repugnant to thy Laws and thee;  
 To the Presumptious should we thus give Way,  
 Who, who would our Divinities obey  
 With proper Zeal? ——— then let us to procure  
 Due Veneration, make Dominion sure,  
 As need requires; ——— Grant me a Boon, which I  
 For both our Int'rests shall with Care employ,  
 And joint Concern, ——— He dozing in his Bed,  
 Cou'd scarce attend to Half of what she said,  
 And Half of what he heard scarce understood,  
 Yet, as it seem'd determin'd for his Good,  
 To Light and Her he rais'd his trembling Eyes,  
 And thus in fault'ring Words obligingly replies.

Of all, chaste Goddess of the Woods, partake  
 That I possess; ——— and to thy Purpose ——— make,

D

I'm

I'm wholly thine : This said, — to soft Repose  
 He sunk : — The Goddess then a Fantom chose,  
 Fram'd like *Adonis*, in that dismal State,  
 To which he quickly must be doom'd by Fate;  
 This ghastly Thing (the Charge of *Envy* made,)  
 Must be to *Venus*, instantly convey'd.

With eager Expedition flies the Fiend,  
 Sooth'd with the Mischief that she does intend ;  
 Which moderates her inwards Pains awhile,  
 And in her grizly Visage forms a Smile ;  
 (For all the Comfort restless *Envy* knows,  
 Ever from others Perturbation grows,)  
 Her chief Familiars summon'd, on she speeds,  
 And with her each in equal Pace proceeds;  
*Disturbance, Damage, Loss, Repentance, Care,*  
 And murm'ring *Woe*, her chief Familiars are ;

Each

Each Place with Anguish her Approaches fill,  
 And from her Limbs infectious Dews distil;  
 Where'er she comes, sad Nature sick'ning pines,  
 And all her Beauty and her Bloom declines;  
 Her very Looks the Face of Things deforms,  
 And discompose them, like a rustling Storm;  
 Compos'd and joyful whenso'er she's fled,  
 Each raises up again its drooping Head:  
 Her Course is furious, yet she checks her Pace,  
 As now approaching to th' appointed Place,  
 Now softly to th' *Idalian* Bow'r she goes,  
 Where even now Love's Goddess courts Repose;  
 Here she with Secrecy her Freight unlades,  
 Then seeks with headlong Haste, th' infernal Shades:  
*Terror* and *Guilt* soon drive the Fiend away,  
 But with the Fantom her Familiars stay:

As, casting off its aged Skin, the Snake,  
 With Vigour rushes thro' the thorny Brake,  
 Or, as a Ship, when to the Flood resign'd,  
 Is launch'd, and leaves its Scaffolding behind;  
 Thus *Envy*, rushing to the Shades again,  
 Leaves here behind, her whole surrounding Train.



THE

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PART III.

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The ARGUMENT.

Venus now slumbering, sees Adonis twice in a Dream,  
wounded and bloody ; upon which she wakes in a great  
Fright and Disorder : Soon after the Loves bring him  
to her : She declares her Concern, and entreats him to  
avoid all Prospect of Danger in his Sports, as much  
as he can, or rather wholly to forsake them, and devote  
himself to Love and her Embraces, as the truest and  
completest Happiness ; — Which he sooths her with  
the Hopes of ; and after mutual Daliance, they sepa-  
rate.

NOW counterfeiting Sleep, with sweet Surprise,  
Had of fair Venus shut the radiant Eyes ;  
Yet quits by sudden Starts, her anxious Breast,  
With dismal and ill-boading Dreams oppress,

No



No sooner slumber'd the celestial Dame  
 (Her Thought's continual Theme) *Adonis* came ;

But, how surprising ! ah ! how chang'd was he,  
 From what transported she was us'd to see ?

His stupid Eyes distorted grimly stare !

His Visage ghastly ! stiff his matted Hair !

His feeble Limbs with Dirt were all besmear'd around,

And Floods of boiling Gore gush'd from a grizly  
 Wound ;

From's Lips Words broken, and imperfect fell,

He sigh'd, and bid eternally Farewell :

Th' astonish'd Goddess's vast Endeavours made,

To grasp the yet lov'd, though dismal Shade ;

The tantalizing Shade refus'd the Grace,

And flying with her Sleep, deluded her Embrace ;

O'er all the gloomy Grove with Care she pry'd,

But when no true *Adonis* she descri'd,

Again

Again to tempting Sleep herself resign'd;  
 Again the ghastly Vision haunts her Mind;  
 Again with Blood and Dirt defil'd appears,  
 The dismal long Farewel again she hears;  
 Then rising, puts the horrid Dreams to Flight,  
 And frees her from th'intolerable Sight;  
 But oh! the dire Impression's still behind,  
 And with distracting Fears torments her Mind;  
 As grievous Cares upon the Mother seize,  
 Who from her Arms, Security, and Ease,  
 The choicest Solace of her Life, for Gain,  
 Her only Son, had ventur'd on the Main;  
 When told by Fame, that he in Pride of Bloom,  
 Perish'd, Ingulph'd in its capacious Womb;  
 This Sight to *Venus* such Concern procures;  
 Such sad Surprise her wav'ring Mind endures:

BUT

But now the Loves, by ranging all around,  
 Had, thro' their Diligence *Adonis* found,  
 And having found him thus, no Time they waste,  
 But bring him to her with officious Haste :  
 On her, supreme Felicity she flies,  
 Swift as the Glances of her piercing Eyes ;  
 Her circ'ling Arms upon his Neck she throws,  
 And num'rous Kisses on his Lips bestows ;  
 Then did with careful Looks the Youth explore,  
 In ev'ry Part, and view'd him o'er and o'er,  
 Her Fancy had so deep Impression made,  
 Awhile she doubted what her Eyes survey'd ;  
 But when the Center of her Joys she found,  
 Beauteous as ever, and secure from Wound,  
 Her Mind more undisturbed, the Silence broke,  
 And sighing thus, the tempting Goddess spoke ;

While

While at her Accents all Things hush'd appear,  
And *Echo's* Self seems in Suspence to hear:

FOR BEAR, too heedless Youth, at length  
forbear,  
Nor War with Beasts perpetually declare;  
Or if thy Mind does fill with strong Desire,  
The sprightly *Pastime* of the Chace require;  
Let needful Caution be at least employ'd,  
And all the cruel and the stern avoid;  
The Lyon's Thunder-imitating Roar,  
The Panther, Tyger, and the bristly Boar;  
The lurking Leopard's Ambuscade beware,  
Nor on his March affront the surly Bear;  
With utmost Caution, in thy Ranges be,  
From such as these, *Adonis*, ever free;

But circumvent, or in a swift Career,  
 Pursue the Fox, the Hare or bounding Deer ;  
 Mix Safety ever with thy Sports ; be wise,  
 And ev'ry Place where Danger may arise,  
 Avoid ; for oh ! a Dream foreboding Ill,  
 Does all my Soul with wond'rous Horror fill ;  
 Some mighty Mischief, ah ! too near us, shows,  
 And seems to threaten with unusual Woes ;  
 What Apprehensions hence my Peace destroy  
 And in thy very Prefence blast my Joy ?  
 How will they then while thou art hence, surpriz'd ?  
 Oh ! what a Store of jealous Fears will rise ?  
 Oh ! what Mistrust will constantly impart,  
 Excessive Anguish to my aking Heart ?  
 All needful Caution then, *Adonis*, take,  
 As well for mine, as for thy own dear sake ;

Oh !



Oh ! let not this Entreaty be withstood ;  
 Nor flight the Council; aiming at thy Good ;  
 Thro' Courage never self-deluded be,  
 Nor vainly think thyself secure thro' me ;  
 On my unfailing Love thou may'st depend,  
 Yet oh ! I cannot from all Harms defend ;  
 We may not, though all Orisons we hear,  
 To succour the Distress'd be always near ;  
 For we from Fate, a Pow'r dependant hold,  
 By that, as Mortals are by us, controll'd ;  
 But use what Nature graciously provides,  
 And Reason and Discretion be thy Guides ;  
 To be from Foes and fatal Mischiefs free,  
 Trust more in these, than in the Gods and me :

Yet rather blest and most secure to live,  
 To love alone all all thy Moments give :

I covet not like *Juno* boundless Reign;  
 Nor like *Minerva* Trophies strive to gain;  
 Nor like *Diana*, to the Chace inclin'd,  
 Does thy affected Sport delight my Mind;  
 Love, only Love, does all my Thoughts employ,  
 Which yields the truest and sublimest Joy:  
 Of all Diversions this is ever mine;  
 And let it ever, dearest Youth, be thine;  
 Let's bid to ev'ry vainer Thing Adieu;  
 In me alone, as I alone in you —  
 Excessive Passion rising here, affords  
 No further Room for her engaging Words:  
 Her Speech abruptly finishing: — She press'd  
 His Hand; whilst Looks and Kisses plead the rest;

He

**H**E thus again: — Goddess of Humankind!  
 The most ungrateful, reprobate, or blind,  
 I justly ever might be styl'd, — thou'd I  
 Those Words, or these perswasive Looks deny;  
 Oh! gen'rous Goddess! how shall I declare  
 My equal Sense of thy indulgent Care?  
 Pardon, oh! pardon, all my pass'd Neglect,  
 Henceforth converted into full Respect;  
 Henceforth from ev'ry mean Diversion free,  
 My sole Delight is ever fix'd in thee;  
 Divinest *Venus*! in thy only Arms,  
 I'll shun the Pow'r of all impending Harms;  
 Those Arms can all invading Ills repel,  
 Dare Ills approach where Blessings only dwell?  
 From those (for which Gods wou'd for ever change  
 Their Heav'n) hereafter if I chuse to range;

If

If hence I prove neglectful or untrue,

May what you fear, as my Reward ensue :

Thus having said, ——— transported with her

Charms,

Trembling with Fury, to her open'd Arms

He swiftly flew ; ——— What here we must con-

ceal,

Let youthful Lovers to themselves reveal ;

If mortal Beauty yielding, can bestow

The most transporting Happiness we know ;

What cannot Love's and Beauty's Empress do ?

Provok'd by fierce Desire, by Promise too ?

Raging to be of all her With possess'd,

And fix th' uncertain Wand'rer to her Breast.

From the Decline of Noon, 'till Close of Day,

In mut'al Bliss they pass the Time away ;

When

When with strict Promise quickly to renew,  
Such Blifs, they bid alternately Adieu ;

*Venus* to Heav'n, Where less Enjoyments dwell,

*Adonis* passes to his rural Cell.



THE



THE  
A M O U R  
O F  
V E N U S.

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PART IV.

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The ARGUMENT.

*Diana to prosecute her mischievous Intention, goes to the Court of Imagination, and transmits thence a Vision to Adonis, fired with the Prospect of which he falsifies his Word to Venus, rejects her Advice, and following his Pastime after his usual Manner, meets his allotted Destiny : Which, when Venus heard, being possessed with inconceivable Sorrow, she renounces all Delight, and seats herself by the Dungeon of Despair.*

ALL Things were now to soothing Rest retir'd,  
The failing Winds, that seem'd almost expir'd,  
Now languishingly breath'd; the limpid Springs,  
In gentle Echoes rais'd their Murmurings ;

A pleasing

A pleasing Horror hover'd o'er the Plains

Tranquility had unmolested Reign;

Ev'n Thought seem'd ceas'd, and ev'ry mortal

Breath,

Of anxious Trouble wholly dispossest'd,

But that of the nocturnal *Philomel*,

Whose Strains did her melodious Sorrow tell;

And her melodious Sorrow, as she sung,

With ev'ry doubled Note the sounding Vallies rung;

The Skies were all unblemish'd and serene,

The graceful Lamp of Love's indulgent Queen

Appear'd; and *Cynthia* now in Silver Light,

With her full Orb magnificently bright,

Compos'd by such Sereneness, as oppress'd

With pass'd Delight, *Adonis* sinks to Rest;

F

Mean

Mean while *Diana*, ruminating Ill,  
 (For working Mischief can be seldom still,)  
 Her fix'd Design to perpetrate, explores  
 Imagination's visionary Stores.

Just at the Center of this active All,  
 (Whence Order takes alternate Rise and Fall ;  
 Whence Matter has its multiplying Force,  
 And Motion its diversifying Source,)  
 Whatever Thought is able to devise,  
 Of ev'ry Thing the secret Embrio lies :  
 Here the serene, and elevated Mind  
 Can all the Seeds of ev'ry Notion find :  
 Here roves Variety in endless Sport,  
 And here its wild and unestablish'd Court  
 Imagination holds, —

Hither

Hither th' Ideas menial Fancy brings,  
 Of uncreated, and created Things;  
 Which with a Pow'r as quick as uncontroll'd,  
 Are turn'd to all Designs, and cast in ev'ry Mould:  
 A Vision hence the Vengeful Goddess sends  
 To prompt the *Ruin* that his Fate intends;  
 Thus, while his Sense incumbent Slumbers screen,  
 Imagination forms this lofty Scene.

Fix'd on a Mountain's Head, (whose View commands  
 The subject World,) Fame's stately Palace stands;  
 A thousand various Ways salutes the Sight,  
 And proudly gleams astonishingly bright!  
 Here Strength and State united Station hold,  
 The Walls of solid Brass, and roof'd with Gold;

Heaven's sternest Rigour it unmov'd sustains,  
And rolling Time's consuming Rage disdains;  
A *Trumpet* hence, with animating Sound,  
Dilates its Notes the Universe around;  
With Hopes of Immortality inflames  
The Soul, and raises to stupendious Aims!  
An Empress this illustrious Seat maintains,  
And ever o'er the braver Mortals reigns:  
Hither, with uncontrollable Desire,  
Tend they, whom Thoughts of high Ambition fire;  
To this their Aims audacious Mortals raise,  
And hither strive to climb by various Ways;  
Many hard Passes to the Palace lead,  
Which claim Man's utmost Industry and Heed;  
And many Paths the Passages contain,  
Crooked and rough the most, few straight and  
plain.

Lo!



Lo! Joy, though most luxurious, cannot bind;  
 The Headstrong Sallies of a roving Mind!  
 While lofty Thoughts of Fame the Youth inspire,  
 He counts ignoble amorous Desire ;  
 With this he does his flatter'd Hope beguile,  
 Nor dreads the Danger, nor regards the Toil ;  
 He now resolves with an undaunted Mind ;  
 To seek the sternest of the savage Kind ;  
 Against wild Beasts undauntedly to go,  
 Must teach him bravely to confront the Foe ;  
 Hunting must the convenient Means unfold,  
 To prove in martial Feats expert and bold ;  
 And on those martial Feats he builds his Aim,  
 Thence hopes to compass this eternal Fame.

DWR

**DEWY Aurora** now again had drawn,  
 With rosy Hand, the Curtain of the Dawn ;  
 At Day's Approach, retir'd the languid Night,  
 The Skies now gleam'd with Streaks of purple  
     Light ;  
 And now the Glories of the beauteous Morn,  
 The Hills and Plains successively adorn ;  
 The Morn, devoid of gloomy Mists and Show'rs,  
 With Zephyrs shakes the Dew-Drops from the  
     Flow'rs ;  
 In ev'ry blooming Field, auspicious Health  
 Now open'd her inestimable Wealth ;  
 Deriv'd from Nature's Luxury, increas'd  
 By wafted Odours from the fragrant East :  
 When blith *Adonis*, leaving his Repose,  
 His wonted Pastime to renew arose ;

His

His call'd Associates he survey'd, whose Sight,  
 A jovial Crew, augmented his Delight;  
 Each as the fragrant Spring, serenely gay,  
 Fresh as the Morn, and lively as the Day.  
 He grasp'd his Spear, and with becoming Pride,  
 His crooked Fauchion girded by his Side;  
 Then took the Horn and shriller op'ning Hound,  
 With Scent, and with Variety of Sound,  
 To augment the Pleasures of the Chace — Thus he,  
 From Thought of all approaching Danger free,  
 Did Hill, and Plain, and devious Wood explore,  
 When, as foretold by Fate, a furious Boar,  
 (By stern *Diana* prompted to destroy,)  
 Rush'd from a Thicket on the unwary Boy;  
 With sudden Violence it rush'd; — and e'er  
 The astonish'd Youth could for Defence prepare;

E'er

E'er Time would Opportunity afford,  
 His Spear to brandish, or unsheath his Sword;  
 Fix'd in his tender Thigh a fatal Wound;  
 And now he lies extended on the Ground;  
 He fainting lies, while aggravating Smart,  
 Shoots o'er the Groin, and penetrates the Heart;  
 The Wound is fix'd where subtle Fibres twine,  
 And like minutest woven Hairs combine;  
 From tough or gross repugnant Substance freed;  
 And near the Fountain of the genial Seed:  
 Now streaming Blood that pure Complexion dy'd,  
 Which lately with unfading Lillies vy'd;  
 And now the Bloom which glorify'd his Face,  
 Flies, and a livid Pale usurps its Place;  
 The Radiance of his Form and Air retir'd,  
 Which Mortals and Immortals once admir'd!

Convul-

Convulsive Tremblings agonize his Limbs;  
 O'er his distorted Looks a Darkness swims;  
 He gasps, he groans, and now t' impartial Death,  
 In Prime of vig'rous Youth resigns his Breath?  
 How sure thy Force, O Fate? O Goddess! where  
 Is now thy Council, or his promis'd Care?  
 To his Assistance his Companions fly  
 Too late —— and vainly now, lamenting by  
 Appear; —— yet some (invidious of the Boy)  
 Dissembling Sorrow, find a secret Joy!

Now dire Affliction, ev'ry where prevails,  
*Adonis* dead! resound the Hills and Dales;  
 (While in the Concert vocal Echo joins,  
 And as for her *Aonian* Love repines,)  
 The *Naiades* with lamentable Cries,  
 Repeat it; Fame conveys it to the Skies!



Which when sad *Venus* heard, her deep Distress

What Pen can draw ? what Language can express ?

As Love, far more than Mortal ever knew,

She felt, proportion'd was her Sorrow too !

As when from th' ambient Sky, some dark'ning  
Screen,

Is just remov'd, and th' azure Vault serene,

Quick as the Sun his beamy Light imparts,

Upon the rueful Corps, from Heaven she darts ;

Such the pale Youth, as in her Dream she views :

Whom Dirt besmears, whom gushing Gore imbrues :

She views his Gore, whence Roses on the Ground

(Engender'd by the vital Show'r) abound ;

Vain now are soothing Hopes, or anxious Fears,

His Wound she washes with her flowing Tears ;

The Tears, which flow from her Celestial Eyes,

Reaching the Ground, produce *Anemonies* ;

Give

Give Being to a new-created Flow'r,  
 But to restore his Life have not the Pow'r!  
 On Destiny, outrageously she falls,  
 And unavailing his Soul recalls ;  
 She views Heav'n, Earth, and Light, with equal  
 Hate,  
 And ev'n curses her immortal State !  
 With inconceivable Disgust and Care  
 Possess'd ; she seeks the Dungeon of *Despair*.

WHERE never pry the Sun's enlight'ning  
 Beams,  
 Where the hoarse Raven's Croaks, and Screech-Owl's  
 Screams

'Abound ; where frightful Solitude and Gloom ;  
 Their Stations everlastingly assume ,  
 A Dungeon lies, deep as the Pit of Hell ;  
 Here noisome Vapours, Toads, and Adders dwell,  
 Each noxious and abominable Thing,  
 Whence Anguish, Dread, and Detestation spring ;  
 Here Smacks of galling Whips, and grating  
     Sound  
 Of clanking Chains discordantly abound ;  
 Here her rough Visage, rude Disorder rears,  
 And howling Cries confound the deafen'd Ears ;  
 Just at the Gate of the distractive Scene,  
 In its Avenue, (melancholy Spleen,)  
 Near, near to this uncomfortable Place,  
 'Till Time the Youth's Idea shall erase ;

'Till

'Till courteous Time, with its asswaging Balm,

Shall ease her Smart, and her Affliction calm,

*Venus* abides ; absconds from ev'ry Sight,

And bids a long adieu to all Delight.



**VENUS**

*V E N U S*

A N D

*A D O N I S.*

A S O N G.

I.

**N**OW in the chearful Month of *May*,  
Th' *Idalian* Lovers meet ;

The Fields are in their best Array,

The Birds are blith and sweet.

All



II.

All Things in Sweet Composure lie,

With balmy Wings, repair,

Soft Zephyrs from th' enamel'd Sky,

To fan each happy Fair.

CHORUS.

But e'er To-Morrow's Morning ends,

Behold a dismal Change attends !

III.

Now Echo sounds o'er all the Plains,

*Adonis* is no more !

And universal Sorrow reigns,

Where Joy was spread before.

IV.

IV.

Such is the Bliss, and such the Woe,

(Distributed by Fate,)

Which Mortals and Celestials know,

In Love's uncertain State.

C H O R U S.

But as the Joy is unsecure,

The Grief's too sudden, and too sure !



On

On *ASTRÆA* singing.

**S**ILENCE, ye Groves! hark, my *Astræa* sings;  
Ye Streams, and Zephyrs! cease your Mur-  
murings;

Ye warbling Birds, your Harmony suspend,

'Tis useless now, and only can offend!

Nor thy sweet Wrong, O *Philomela*, vent;

Thy moving Tale is now impertinent;

Ye sighing Lovers, hold your anxious Breath;

Stifle your Griefs, and now be hush'd as Death:

Come, Echo, dwell on each delicious Air;

Hither (neglectful of your Charge) repair

With eager, yet with silent Speed, ye Swains,

Whose grazing Cattle crown th' adjacent Plains;

H

Approach

Approach, great Pan, and all ye rural Fawns,

Ye Gods of Rivers and delightful Lawns ;

Ye sacred Guardians of each secret Grove,

Come, softly come, and thou victorious Love!

Attend ; yet not with needless Arms appear ;

Surprize each Heart through ev'ry list'ning Ear :

Her Voice, O Love, is to thy Purpose more,

Than were thy Quiver, and thy Bow before.



( 32 )  
*On a young Lady, occasioned by the  
Sight of her Picture.*

**S**A Y, Painter, say, whence came the living  
Grace,

So well display'd in that victorious Face?

Did Nature to thy prying Search disclose,

What frames the Lilly, and the purple Rose?

Say, by what Art thy Pencil could declare,

What Heav'n itself has drawn with nicest Care?

How sweet, how noble too, her Looks appear?

At once creating Love, Respect, and Fear;

Her Linaments, how soft? yet full of Fire!

And curious, like the Strain they now inspire;

How delicate a Grace in ev'ry Part?

What Lustre? far (in Thought) transcending Art!

Yet thy prevailing Art does these reveal,

Nor th' inward Beauty of her Mind conceal;

Her



Her Mind, which the discerning Eye may trace  
Thro' the directing Features of her Face;  
Her Mind, no less distinguishably fair,  
Which thy unblemish'd Colours well declare;  
Nature in this fair Cabinet, has laid  
Her choicest Wealth, nor is her Trust betray'd;  
This Maid, from these her own exalted Charms,  
Cannot, like many, find destructive Harms;  
For tho' they universally allure,  
Her Virtue keeps her not the less secure:  
So fairest Towns with Opulence abound,  
Which by firm Walls are barrocado'd round,  
And ever such appears the clearest Morn,  
When Virgin Rays th' Expanse of Heav'n adorn;  
Whole glorious Charms surmounting our Desire,  
We can at Distance only thus admire.  
Nor th' inward Beauty of her Mind conceal;

F I N I S.



